

## GRAND RAPIDS HERALD

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DAILY and SUNDAY, One Year	\$5.00
DAILY and SUNDAY, Three Months	1.50
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Light snow, generally fair in interior; westerly winds, rising temperature.

## LET US BE BROTHERS.

In voting to lay on the table the declaration of principles submitted to the people's party city convention and adopting a less inflammatory platform, the cooler American citizens displayed eminently good common sense. It is to be regretted however that there are twelve men in Grand Rapids who would place themselves on so avowedly anarchistic a platform. This country is broad enough in acres and liberal enough in principles to admit all on a common basis. Citizens from every nation on earth find here a safe refuge, a common brotherhood, and are permitted to share the heritage left by our forefathers, unrestricted and untrammeled. In no other nation are the rights of citizenship so freely and fully extended. In return, citizens of the United States, American born, have the right to demand and confidently expect their adopted brothers to respect our laws and our usages. Less than this is not enough, more is not asked. All nations suffer to a greater or less extent from the evils resulting from plutocracy, monopolies and combines, but none less than the United States. That the brutal system of sweating, common to many if not all foreign nations has been found to exist in some of our more popular cities is regretted by all, but by none more sincerely than the American-born citizen. All evils working a hardship to any class are by our law makers, state and national, made the subject of special legislation, and with the aid of the executive and the judiciary are promptly remedied or abated. In extending the right hand of fellowship the American people make no reservation, nor should they permit any infringement of our established customs. The motto of the United States is not the unmeaning thought of an idle moment, but is replete, comprehensive and exact. Either you must be one with us or forever hold your peace. Nothing short of this will answer.

## WOOL CAMPAIGN THUNDER.

Congressman McMillan opened the debate on the wool tariff by reiterating the hackneyed and threadbare objections with which the bill has been assailed from time to time. Those who looked for a new line of argument or a more cogent objection than has heretofore been urged against the law were disappointed. Significant facts relative to the decrease of the number of head of sheep during the Cleveland administration, the low price of woolen goods now obtaining and the increased manufacture of woolen goods in this country, were either forgotten or ignored. The sheep industry was never in a more healthy condition in the United States than at the present time. The American farmer, and especially the Michigan farmer with his 2,000,000 head of sheep, realizes this and is encouraged to prosecute the industry even more extensively than ever heretofore. That the price of wool is low, lower now than under the Cleveland administration, causes him no alarm. He is now assured that his sheep, wool, hide, tallow and mutton, are guaranteed the best obtainable price, and that Australian sheep products may not come in and render his market uncertain. So with the manufacturer; foreign made woolen fabrics are shut out, and our market is his for what it is worth. The wool tariff will be here long after the democratic congress has adjourned sine die, and its members have ceased to disturb the air of the house with a senseless clatter of voices intended only to reach voters in their districts.

## HARTER TO HILL.

Michael D. Harter, in an open letter addressed to David B. Hill wants to know if New York's distinguished senator favors that outrageous measure known as the Blend silver bill. Now that is just a little rough as Mr. Hill himself would like to know whether he favors or opposes the bill. Why do people ask such impertinently puzzling questions? Had Mr. Harter asked Hill as to the most approved method of taming tigers, or how to capture a state delegation, or if he loved Cleveland more than himself, or if he wanted to be the presidential nominee of the democratic party, or who was the greater democrat of all—the answer would have been more easy. How provokingly impertinent some folks can be.

## THE CONING ELECTION.

Local politicians are looking into a future just at present that gives none of them any appreciable sight. The action of the people's party in nominating a full city ticket and declaring against fusion with the democrats makes the bourgeois very gloomy. It is generally admitted by them that the republicans will elect a full city ticket, and they have about decided to let them, and, as they say, "teach the third party fellows a lesson." Just what the democracy intends to teach its child is not easily discerned. That the infant will learn to walk,—to go it alone, is very evident, but where this will benefit the democracy the future alone can point out. But while the democrats are gloomy and the republicans

are happy, it may not be amiss for all of them to watch the people's party closely. To be sure its organization is young and far from perfect. Yet it may not be an impossibility that the youngsters will outstrip both its older competitors in the race. The republicans, judging from the vote cast last fall for congressman and for police court judge, will carry the city, but in some of the wards, on supervisor and alderman, the people's party will almost surely carry away some of the honors. The politicians will watch the progress of the campaign with much interest.

Is the neglect of the New York typhus patients on Brothers island as shameful as reported, action should be taken in the matter and those responsible for the criminal mismanagement charged severely censured. The fact that they are foreigners, poor and ignorant, should be an incentive to Christian treatment rather than an excuse for neglect, which can only be characterized as brutal. Succor them, nurse them back to health, and if they are then returned to the country whence they came let them carry with them such a recollection of charity and Christianity as will abide with them during life.

Discontented ex-Governor Thayer of Nebraska, not satisfied with the decision of the United States supreme court, has begun suit before the state supreme court to again test the title to the office of governor. Nebraska republicans deserve nothing else than defeat if unmanly, inappreciable and foolishly insistent men of the Thayer type are chosen as party leaders. With such a leader as Mr. Thayer, republican Nebraska can never be redeemed from bourbonism.

The Dakotas, Minnesota, Iowa and Wisconsin experienced Wednesday one of the worst and most damaging blizzards known to the oldest inhabitant. The biting, blinding, frozen snow was hurled by the hurricane, which accompanied it, with blinding fury into the faces of those who were unfortunate enough to be caught in the storm. Much damage to property and live stock and several fatalities are reported.

Mrs. JAMES G. BLAINE, JR., was discovered in a comatose condition yesterday morning, and except for the prompt attendance of a physician would have awakened in that world where the wicked cease from troubling. Too close application to the statement she is about to make public was the alleged cause.

COUNT MERCIER, as he is familiarly called in Quebec, has been forced to resign his seat in the local parliament on account of peculations by himself and ministry while premier of the province. A trip to Europe is contemplated, presumably for his health.

The Fort Sheridan garrison complain because they are served with "meat that will not down, coffee that will not stain, and hash they cannot eat." And yet men prate of the glories to be won on the tented field.

When Sarah Althea Terry is finally adjudged insane, it is to be hoped, that in the interest of a bored public, she will be shut in the silence of a cell from which not even her materialized spook can escape.

While our great neighboring cities to the east and the west of us are squabbling over municipal matters and municipal officers, Grand Rapids keeps right on sawing wood—and making it into furniture.

The democratic aldermen who desire re-election are very nervous these days, especially since they witnessed the following of the people's party at its convention Wednesday night.

With the present prospects for trouble with England, it may not be necessary to stop work on our navy after all.

GENERAL ALGER has now in preparation a complete refutation of the New York Sun's vilification.

## AMUSEMENTS.

Helen Barry, a distinguished English actress who has many warm admirers in this country, and who will appear at Powers' next Wednesday, is the star of "A Night's Follies." The comedy is an adaptation from Von Moxer's work by Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama." It is heralded as being wonderfully bright and interesting. It would be a pretty poor comedy that couldn't be made popular by people as clever as those who give "A Night's Follies." Besides Miss Barry, there are in the cast Mary Shaw, J. H. Gilmore, Owen Westford, Alfred Fisher and others of equal ability. Miss Barry has a dual role, appearing as Miss Betty and as a French chaperon. She is a vicious and an attractive, and to a small extent a magnetic actress, and in her part in the comedy has opportunity to display all of her accomplishments and natural attractiveness. The announcement of casts will be made later.

Annie Ward Tiffany, who has no equal in the delineation of straight legitimate Irish character, will occupy the stage at Redmond's all of next week, commencing Sunday. She will present her new play, "The Step-daughter." Seats are now on sale.

Mr. Geary has the piece of life at his Canal street museum this week, and is doing well. When price is considered, the people look and wonder at the show. It is a great deal for a little money.

Signor Liberti, the great cornetist, is in the city, stopping at Sweet's. He will appear at Powers' next Sunday

evening. He will be assisted by prominent local vocalists and instrumentalists.

"His Nibs, the Baron," with good specialties, continues to please the audience at Redmond's this week. The next matinee will be given tomorrow.

The regular matinee will be in vogue at Smith's Waterloo street theater today.

## DOGS FRIGHTENED THE DEER.

One of Them Jumps the Fence and Disappears.

Dogs broke into the deer stockade at John Ball park and frightened the animals so much that one of them jumped against the fence and broke it down, making his escape. It was tracked for a short distance, after which all trace of it disappeared. It is thought the animal was not injured, as no trace of blood was discovered. It was placed in the park last fall, being one of the two purchased in the upper peninsula by Mayor Uhl and Alderman Turner. It is thought that it made its escape into the country, and any information concerning it will be thankfully received. Dogs have been chasing rabbits and other wild game in the park recently until they have become a nuisance. All dogs found thereafter will be shot on sight.

## Will Let Contracts Today.

The court house building committee will meet today for the purpose of awarding the contracts for putting in the gas fixtures, inside blinds and interior glass work. The appropriation for gas fixtures is about \$2400, and the committee has been authorized by the board or supervisors to procure blinds which will be contracted for by the foot, the aggregate cost being estimated at \$2500.

Arrested For Abusing His Father. John Dowd of No. 143 Cass street, swore out a warrant in police court yesterday for the arrest of his sons Daniel, Charles and James Dowd, charging them with using indecent, insulting and immoral language. They abused their father and mother in the atmosphere blue in the vicinity of their home with their profanity. The boys were locked up at police headquarters last night.

## HE PLAYED POLICY.

Was Prompted to Do So by a Midnight Dream.

BROOKLYN, March 10.—A midnight vision prompted him to play policy. It was only a dream, but it ruined William A. Losey, of No. 525 Monroe street, Brooklyn, and now the victim of the dream is a prisoner at police headquarters, charged with forgery, as well as with stealing \$31,503.06. Eleven years ago Mr. Losey became an employee of the firm of Molleson Brothers, paper manufacturers of No. 18 Beekman street, of this city. He was faithful and correct. Little by little his employers trusted him more and more, until at length Mr. Losey became a confidential bookkeeper, whose figures and private affairs were never questioned. In May, 1890, Mr. Losey, who is a handsome man, met a friend while crossing the bridge one morning and during the little nothings which were remarked he told of a very strange dream he had during the previous night.

"Capital!" exclaimed the friend. "We'll play it!" "Play it? Play what?" "Play the numbers." "I don't understand." "Why, policy; I know just what numbers to play." The idea struck Mr. Losey as being very novel, and he finally decided to try his luck. Mr. Losey and his friend went to No. 202 1/2 William street, where they played 9, 16, 32, because the former's dream had been about a codfish looking into No. 16 East Twenty-second street. In policy dreambooks a codfish is always said to mean the number 9. At any rate Mr. Losey lost, but as he had never indulged in policy before he became infatuated with the game, and continued to play on his own account. Months passed by and the trusted employee of Molleson Brothers won and lost day after day, sometimes winning as much as \$1,500 at a time. But luck was not always with him, and he found it difficult to borrow "just a little" from his employers in order to get back what he had lost. Finally, last Saturday, it was discovered by one of the members of the firm that Losey was about \$500 short. He said it was a slight mistake and that he would make it all right. By Monday other deficiencies were discovered, and when Losey was arrested Monday afternoon he confessed that he had used many thousands of dollars of the firm's money.

## YELLOW FEVER RAGES.

Three of the Crew of the Rosse Dead—Others Had the Fever.

NEW YORK, March 10.—Another vessel that came from Brazil is held at quarantine, three of her crew having died of yellow fever.

She is the steamship Rosse, which got in from Santos yesterday.

When Health Officer Jenkins boarded her he learned that the crew had had the fever and that three had died, and he at once ordered the vessel and crew held for further observation.

When the vessel reached Santos, Captain Leary, her commander, gave the crew permission to go ashore.

The men returned and soon three of them—Joseph H. Rourke, the second engineer; Richard Wilson, the carpenter, and James Shand, the third officer, were taken down with the fever and died in a short time.

On January 23 Burke, Wilson and John Costigan, one of the seamen, became ill.

They were sent to the hospital at Santos, and on the 25th Rourke died and the day following Wilson succumbed.

Costigan recovered and on the 7th rejoined the vessel and that day she sailed away from Santos.

In the meantime several others of the crew were down with the fever, and among them were Shand and Frank Lewis, the third engineer. Shand died on the 12th and his body was buried at sea. Lewis was ill for two weeks but recovered, as did the other men who were ill before the vessel left Rio Janeiro.

## THE ADMINISTRATION ENDORSED.

Harrison Men Control the Indiana Republican Convention.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 10.—The Indiana state republican convention to select four delegates-at-large to the Minneapolis convention met at Tomlinson hall this morning. It was the first representative gathering of republicans of Indiana for two years and the meeting has been looked forward to as one which would develop the strength, if any there was, in the opposition to Harrison's re-nomination. A great many anti-administration men were delegates and their movements were more or less eyed with suspicion. The

first attempt to interrupt the proceedings of the Harrison forces came from Delegate McDonald of Fort Wayne, who objected to the selection of a committee on resolutions in district caucuses. Chairman Warren G. Sayer, a member of the Cherokee commission, quelled McDonald, but when the committee reported its resolutions the anti-Harrison men came boldly to the front. The resolutions endorsed the administration, "honest money," reciprocity, McKinley, and pledged the Indiana delegation for Harrison at Minneapolis. Again McDonald rose to speak, but the chair recognized Ex-Congressman J. B. White of Fort Wayne. This did not mend matters much, as White objected to the hands of the delegates being tied.

"Why? Why?" came from all quarters.

"Because," shouted White, "Harrison's administration has forgotten the soldier, and he has recommended to congress for passage a pension bill that is an insult to all old veterans." The rest of his remarks were drowned in hisses. Something like pandemonium reigned for some time, but when quiet was restored the resolutions were adopted. The first ballot for delegates resulted in the choice of Col. R. W. Thompson, of Terre Haute; ex-Congressman Stanton J. Peele, of Indianapolis; N. T. Depew, of New Albany; and C. F. Griffith, of Hammond, ex-secretary of state and candidate for governor.

The convention then adjourned.

MAY EXTEND THE STRIKE.

Machinists on the Pennsylvania System Likely to be Ordered Out.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 10.—The strike of the employees in the Pennsylvania Railway company's shops here, which began three weeks ago, now seems likely to affect the entire system. The severe curfew of men who have been brought here from the east since the beginning of the strike were persuaded not to go to work until yesterday. Then the company succeeded in getting into the shops thirteen men brought from Philadelphia. The executive board of the machinists' union is in session, and it is thought probable that the strike will be ordered on the entire system against piece work.

Warmer Weather Coming.

CHICAGO, March 10.—Local Forecast Official Frankensfield conveys the pleasing information that the weather will become warmer tomorrow, when it will probably be quite decent. The cold snap is snapping almost everywhere in North America, from the Rockies to Ohio, and from the north pole to Texas. The poor Texas people have had a northern which will give them the shivers for weeks to come. The lowest temperature up north today is 32 below at Minnetonka, but they have zero weather in South Dakota and everywhere north of that state. As to snow, there may be gusts of it today, but the sky will be clear tonight, and no rain or snow need be expected tomorrow. Little of the mail received at the post office today was received on time. Not one mail train from the east or west arrived on time, and the western and northern trains were way behind time. Some of the trains from the south were also late. The mail clerks who came in from off the west and north mail runs said the storm had been general, and the worst blizzard of the season had been experienced. All of the delayed trains had reported at noon.

Prisoners Complain.

CANTON, O., March 10.—The prisoners in the county jail here have made complaint of the condition of their quarters. They say that the beds are alive with vermin, that the food is unfit to eat and that supplications for something better have been useless. Sheriff Krider denies the truth of the statements of prisoners, but the matter will be investigated.

QUIET GAMES FOR LENT.

Indoor Amusements to Take the Place of Parties and Balls.

Certainly there is no amusement for a town or country house where the people like to stay at home so perfectly innocent and amusing as the games which require a little brain.

It is a delightful feature of our modern civilization that books are cheap and that the poets are read by everybody.

That would be a barren house where we did not find Scott, Byron, Goldsmith, Longfellow, Tennyson, Browning, Bret Harro and Jean Ingelow.

Therefore there would be little embarrassment if we ask the members of the circle around the evening lamp to write a parody on Evangeline, Lady Clare, Vere de Vere or the Heathen Chinee. The result is amusing.

Among games requiring memory and attention we may mention "Cross Purposes," "The Horned Ambassador," "I Love My Love with an A," "The Game of the Ring" (arithmetical), "The Dead Man," "The Goose's History," "Story Play," which consists in putting a word into a narrative so cleverly that it will not readily be guessed, although several may tell different stories with the word repeated. The best way to play this is to have some word which is not the word, like "ambassador" (if the word be bananas for instance) so by thus repeating "ambassador" the listener may be baffled. "The Dutch Conceit," "My Lady's Toilette," "Scheherazade's Ransom" are also very good.

This last deserves a description. Three of the company sustain the parts of the sultan, the vizier and the princess. The sultan takes his seat at the end of the room and the vizier then leads the princess before him with her hands bound behind her. The vizier then makes an absurd proclamation that the princess having exhausted all her stories is about to be punished unless a sufficient ransom be offered. All the rest of the company then advance in turn and propose enigmas which must be solved by the sultan or vizier, sing the first verse of a song, to which the vizier must answer with the second verse or recite any well known piece of poetry in alternate lines with the vizier. Forfeits must be paid either by the company when successfully encountered by the sultan and vizier, or by the vizier when unable to respond to his opponents, and the game goes on till the forfeits amount to any specified number on either side. Should the company be victorious and obtain the greatest number of forfeits the princess is released, and the vizier has to concede all the penalties that may be imposed upon him.

If otherwise, the princess is led to execution. For this purpose she is then seated on a low stool. The penalties for the forfeits, which should be previously prepared, are written on slips of paper and put in a basket, which she holds in her hands tied behind her. The owners of the forfeits advance and draw each a slip of paper. As each

person comes forward the princess guesses who it is, and, if right, the person must pay an additional forfeit, the penalty for which is to be enacted by the princess herself. When all the penalties have been distributed the hands and eyes of the prisoners are released, and she then superintends the execution of the various punishments that have been allotted to the company.

Another very funny game is "Confessions by a Die," played with cards and dice. It would look at first like a parody on Mother Church, but it is not so guilty. A person takes some blank cards, and counting the company writes down, when called upon must not only confess, but by throwing the dice, also confess, as many sins as they indicate and do penance for them all. These can, with a witty leader, be made very amusing.

"The Secretary" is another good game. The players sit at a table with square pieces of paper and pencils, and each one writes his own name, handing the paper, carefully folded down, to the



"SCHEHERAZADE'S RANSOM."

secretary, who distributes them, saying: "Character." Then each one writes out an imaginary character, and hands it to the secretary, who says: "Future." The papers are again distributed and the writers forecast the future. Of course, the secretary throws in all sorts of other questions, and when the game is through the papers are read. They form a curious heterogeneous piece of reading. Sometimes such curious bits of character reading crop out that one suspects complicity. But if honestly played it is amusing.

"The Traveler's Tour" is interesting. One of the party announces himself as the traveler. He is given an empty bag, and counters with numbers on are distributed among the players. Thus, if twelve persons are playing the numbers must count up to twelve—a set of one's to be given to one, two's to two, and so on. Then the traveler asks for information about the places to which he is going. The first person gives it if he can; if not the second, and so on. If the traveler considers it correct information or worthy of notice, he takes from the person one of his counters as a pledge of the obligation he is under to him. The next person in order takes up the next question, and so on. After the traveler reaches his destination he empties his bag and sees to whom he has been indebted for the greatest amount of information. He then makes him the next traveler. Of course this opens the door for all sorts of witty rejoinders, as the players choose to exaggerate the claims of certain hotels and the hits at certain watering places, all very good if played on the spot, and made sarcastic. Or it can be played geographically.

The rhyming game is amusing. "I have a word that rhymes with game."

Interlocutor.—Is it something statesman career? Speaker.—No, it is not "tame."

Interlocutor.—Is it something that goes halt? Speaker.—No, it is not "lame."

Interlocutor.—Is it something tigers feed? Speaker.—No, it is not "meat."

Interlocutor.—Is it something we all would like? Speaker.—No, it is not good name.

Interlocutor.—Is it to shoot at duck? Speaker.—Yes, and that duck to maim.

Such words as nut, thing, fall, etc., which rhyme easily are good choices. The two who play it must be quick witted.

The game of "erambo," in which each player has to write a noun on one piece of paper and a question on another, is



"THE TRAVELER'S TOUR."

curious. As, for instance, the drawer gets the word "Africa" and the question "Have you an invitation to my wedding?" He must write a poem in which he answers one and brings in the other.

The game of "Preferences" has had a long and successful career. It is a very good addition to the furniture of a country parlor to possess a blankbook lying on the table, in which each guest should be asked to write out answers to the following questions:

Who is your favorite hero in history? Who is your favorite hero? Who is your favorite king? Who is your favorite queen? What is your favorite male Christian name? What is your favorite female Christian name?

The game of authors, especially when created by the persons who wish to play it, is very interesting. The game can be bought and is a very common one, as perhaps everybody knows, but it can be rendered uncommon by the preparation of the cards among the members of the family. There are sixty-four cards to be prepared, with each the name of a favorite author and each three of his works. The cards are numbered from one to sixty-four. Any four cards containing the names and works of the same author form a book.

Now we come to a game which interests old and young. None are so anxious but they relish a deep looking

into the future. The cards are numbered from one to sixty-four. Any four cards containing the names and works of the same author form a book.

Now, this tempting with guesses things which may lead to bad dreams is not recommended, but so long as it is done for fun and on a evening's amusement, it is not at all dangerous. The riches which are hidden in a pot of fortune-telling cards are very easy on looking while they last. They are not lost, they are not found, they have been really trying responsibility others they bring no danger. They are a great deal, they are gained without loss and are not lost, they are inherited without stain and lost without regret. Of what other fortune can we say a much?

Who is not glad to find a four leave clover, to see the moon over the right shoulder, to have a black cat cross a house? She is sure to find good for him!

The French have, however, tabulas laid fortune telling for us. Their peculiar ability in arranging circumstances and facts, and their undoubted genius for tactics and strategy events that they might be able to foresee events practically. Their ingenuity in all technical contrivances is an additional testimony in the right direction, and we are no surprised that they have here, as in their worst, given us the practical help which we need in fortune telling.

Mlle. Lenormand, the sorceress who foretold Napoleon's greatness and to many of the great people of France their downfall and misfortune, has left us thirty-six cards in which we can read the decrees of fate.

Lenormand was a clever sybil. She knew how to mix things and throw in the inevitable bad and the possible good so as to amuse those who consult her.

M. E. W. SHEPHERD.

Mr. Pitt and His Father. Brought up a Whig, Pitt broke the Whig tradition. His relation to George III was rather that of an imperial chancellor than an English premier. No doubt this was largely due to the character of the man, to his extraordinary self confidence and quiet assumption that he was a match for any man or combination of men. The training of his boyhood and his "sequestration," as he called it, in early youth from all companionship are that of Lord Chatham, had led him to think that if he was a fit companion for his father he was fitted to rule mankind. Lord Chatham describes how carefully he was forced to watch himself, conscious that his son imitated him from childhood. He discussed literature and politics with his son when the boy had not passed his fourteenth year. Even then the "harmony of his mind," Lady Chatham writes, "made him enjoy with the highest pleasure what would be above the reach of any other creature of his small age."

And Mr. Holles, who visited father and son when they were residing together at Lyme Regis, noted the "counselor's" firm accent and observed how distinct and clear his ideas were. Mr. Holles and the boy of fourteen, "these two friends of liberty and virtue," as Lord Chatham calls them, "were together walking up and down the steep hill. In this converse, not only the constitution of the state, but the universal frame of nature, was, I dare say, thoroughly discussed." What wonder that the lad acquired confidence in himself. It must have seemed so natural to him that the son, the friend, the companion of Chatham, should not find his equal among men.—Nineteenth Century.

A Brave Young Woman.

There is at least one young woman in the country who has the courage of her convictions. She is pretty, fashionable, eighteen and lives in Brooklyn. Lately she invited a young man to go to the opera with her chaperon and herself. He, in replying, mentioned that he would have the carriage at her house at a certain hour, whereupon she wrote to him immediately, begging that he would omit the carriage; she and her chaperon were to wear street costumes, and the cars were quite good enough and much more rapid, putting the matter in a way that made it impossible for him to refuse.

Many other young women would like to be thus wisely kind if they knew how or dared. They fear to offend the sensitive pride of the young man for whom they would be glad to make things easy. The expense of a carriage trip from Brooklyn to upper New York and back late at night they understand, but anybody is disinclined to the salary received by most young men. They lack, however, the courage to prevent it, such is the tyranny of social formalities.—New Point of View in New York Times.

## Don't Do It.

Don't throw away money. Don't pay 5 and 10 cents for 5 and 10 cent goods and lug them home yourselves, when you can buy them for 4 to 8 cents with free delivery thrown in.

The Grand Rapids Electric Carpet Renovating works, corner of Lewis and Campus streets, are nearly ready to commence work. C. B. Cooper, who is well known as a practical carpet man, has charge of the carpet department and F. D. Dibble, recently from Battle Creek, has charge of the business department. Look out for their "ad" next week—something new—telephone 1226.

## Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsaparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was feeling very unwell with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly

stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes, and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. E. A. Goff, of Warren Street, Boston.

**Hood's**

**Sarsaparilla**

Sold by all druggists. \$1.00 for 30. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar